

Life



CONSCIENCE.

Published every Thursday. Annual Subscription
Five Dollars. Single Copies, Ten Cents.
Price in England, Sixpence

• LIFE •

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second
Class Mail Matter.
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Stevens-Duryea



William H. H. H. H.

Life's Calendars



*Are now ready. On this page
are miniature reproductions of
their covers.*

There are four of them.

Price two dollars each.

Handsomely printed and boxed.

*Sent to any address on receipt
of price.*



As Christmas or New Year's Presents

LIFE'S calendars occupy a unique place in the hearts of the American people. There are so many inappropriate things for two dollars which you cannot send to a friend at the holiday time. But any one of the calendars indicated on this page is precisely the thing.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York:

Enclosed find.....Dollars for which
send me.....copies of.....
Calendar.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



"TAKE IT, IT'S FOR YOU"

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO

- LIFE -

BEGINNING _____

AS A

Merry Christmas

TO

FROM _____

It Will Be Perfectly Proper

The Proper Number of LIFE is coming on March 5.

That is, assuming that we can get the material for it.

All things are possible, if you have an earnest and conscientious purpose.

For some time LIFE has had (strange as this may seem) a Proper Number in mind, but a natural and instinctive modesty has prevented its proper application. Now we are obeying our impulse.

Remember the date—

Thursday, March 5, 1914.

Life as a Christmas Present

The card which appears to the left is the exact size of the card which, properly filled out, will be sent with a subscription to LIFE, to anyone whom you may designate, on receipt of the proper amount. Do you know of anything better to give your friends for Christmas than a yearly subscription to LIFE? This is the psychological moment.



"Veterans"

Enclosed find Five Dollars (Canadian \$5.52; Foreign \$6.04). Send LIFE for one year, including Premium Picture "Veterans", to _____

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

Some Popular Lies

- "I'M crazy about you."
 "I'll drop in and pay you back next week."
 "I shall never love another."
 "Wasn't it too bad you weren't home?"
 "I never in my life did so badly."
 "How sweet you look."
 "I told her just what I thought of her."
 "I shall pay my income tax without a murmur."
 "Yes, sir, an operation is necessary."
 "I never would dream that it wasn't your hair."
 "I love to hold babies."
 "Only a stirring sense of public duty compels me to run for this high office."
 "Not at home, ma'am."
 "No, darling, I never kissed another."
 "My wife and I never have a cross word."
 "I came quite unprepared."

A Logical Idea

GOING to jail as a self-sacrifice just to see how a jail feels has been recently indulged in by a number of highly-to-be-commended people. This idea in which we make a personal example of ourselves in order to find out what is the matter, is susceptible of a much more extended process of evolution.

For instance, why should not parents incarcerate themselves in schools, book-reviewers become publishers' office boys, congressmen enter the service of the Custom House, society women stand on their feet ten hours a day in department stores and magazines pass their vacations in slums?



FIREPROOF TAMPA BAY HOTEL. Tampa, Florida, a magnificent Moorish palace, capacity, 500 guests, recently remodelled and renovated throughout. New nine-hole golf course, tennis, motor boating, fishing, bathing, auto-mobilizing, baseball. The Chicago Cubs have winter training quarters in grounds; will play match games during Feb. and March with Philadelphia Athletics and St. Louis Browns. Four days' carnival in Feb., rivaling New Orleans Mardi Gras and St. Louis Villed Prophets. Northern servants. Grounds consist of 42 acres of luxuriant tropical shrubbery and flowers, beautiful palm fringed walks, fountains and shady nooks, facing the Hillsborough river, where boating and fishing are unexcelled. Over a hundred miles of gold paved auto boulevards, creating beautiful drives through golden fruit-laden orange groves, over picturesque streams, through tropical jungles and piney woods. All trains and boats met by auto-bus. Special rates for families and long stays. Write for booklet and rates to W. F. ADAMS, Manager. Spend a few days at the MANIVISTA HOTEL on the Manatee river.

RAD-BRIDGE BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES
 Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) brings our sample wallet; 42 Forms Lithographed Score Pads, 12 varieties playing cards and illustrated catalog.
 Dept. L. RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York



A VISION
 of your car,
 smashed on the
 slippery curve
 ahead—

You have neglected to put on
 Weed Chains.

You anxiously view the slippery
 curve ahead and have a mental
 picture of your car smashed against a rock.

Why nurse anxiety and coax calamity—why take such
 chances when you know

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Absolutely Prevent Skidding

No other device has ever been invented that takes the place of Weed Chains. All kinds of "make-shifts" have been tried—useless and worthless all. The *real value* of Weed Chains has been proven so often and so satisfactorily during the last ten years that there is no room for argument.

They are slipped on in a moment without a jack. *They don't injure tires* even as much as one little slip or skid. *They never fail* in an emergency and take up hardly any space when not in use. Send for Booklet proving the efficiency, economy and necessity of Weed Chains.

Sold for ALL Tires by Dealers Everywhere

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.
 28 Moore Street New York

Manufactured for Canada by
 Dominion Chain Co., Limited—Head Office: Shaughnessy Bldg., Montreal, Can.

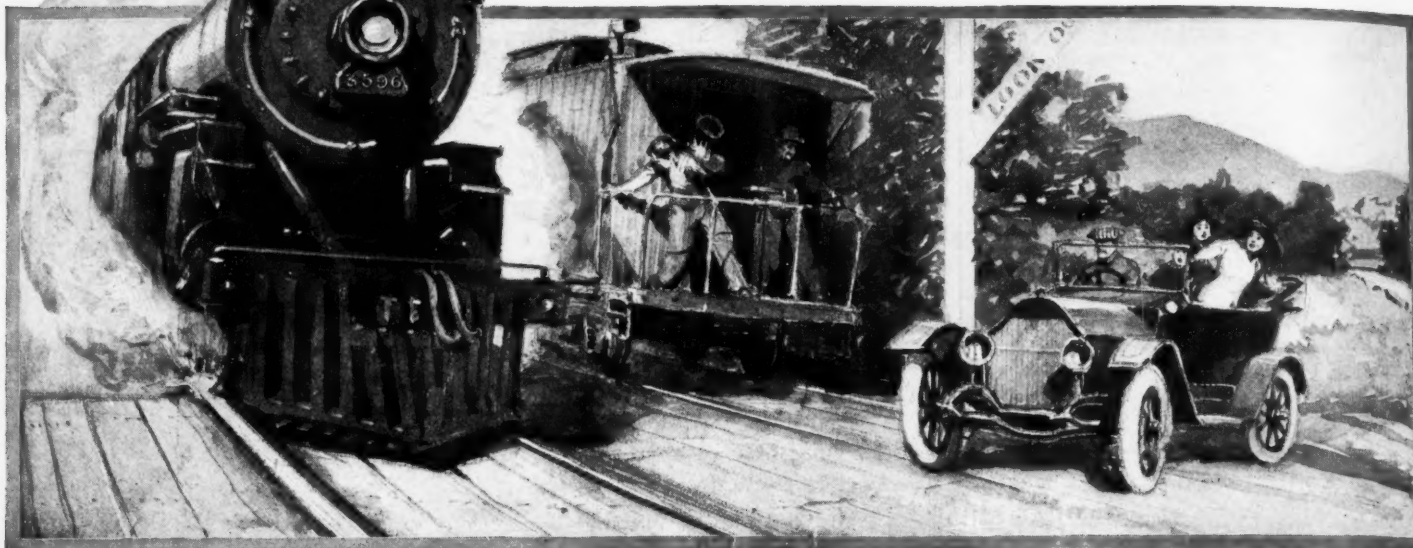


A Good Reason, No Doubt

LET not traitorous and unpatriotic critics gloat over the fact that the homicide rate in New York City is six times that of London. Just why this should be the case is not apparent on the surface of things at present, but we can depend upon it, New York, if not the most, is one of the most intelligent, enlightened and excellently-governed cities of a great nation and world power.

If New York sees fit to average six murders to London's one, New York undoubtedly has a good and sufficient reason. It is no mere accident and New York will explain whenever New York deems an explanation fitting. Until then, we see no excuse for any discussion of the matter whatsoever.

Safety First!



Saved by Good Brakes!

(Lined With 100% Perfect Thermoid)

At "Death Crossing" YOU can trust Thermoid Brake Lining Brakes you cannot rely on—utterly—are a constant menace. Every little emergency becomes a danger. Big, real perils, when brakes betray you, mean destruction of life or limb. If you would guard yours well, insist on Thermoid. It is 100% Perfect Brake Lining.

Brake lining, to be 100%, should be brake lining *all through*. Not merely on the outside. Then, it is *still* brake lining as long as any of it remains. Dependable to the last.

Break open a strip of ordinary brake lining. Now cut open some Thermoid. You can't break it. It is too compressed. It must be cut.

You will see the looseness of the inside of ordinary woven brake lining. That it is stringy, straggling. That, when the outside is worn off, its braking power is gone.

Without friction, brake lining is useless. In emergency—demanding reliable brakes—it will fail you.

You will find Thermoid the same inside and out. Line your brakes with it. It has the most uniform gripping power. Use it till worn paper-thin. The gripping power

tense heat—under 2000 lbs. pressure.

The result is Thermoid—a single, solid substance—instead of the separate several.

This hydraulic compression is the reason for Thermoid's being brake lining *all through*. It explains why its density is fixed—unvarying. Why it cannot be burned out nor destroyed by any heat generated in

Sixty per cent more labor is required to make this 100% perfect lining. It means seven operations—as against three.

We could do away with the extra material—the extra labor—the four extra operations—and still offer you as good brake lining as the ordinary. Such a product we probably could sell cheaper.

But it wouldn't be Thermoid.

If you are an automobile owner, when you have your brakes re-lined pay yourself dividends in wear, value and dependability by insisting on Thermoid. When you buy a new car demand it.

If you are a supply dealer or garage owner, you will please your customers by giving them the extra value in Thermoid. Your jobber can supply you.

Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good—or we will.

Thermoid

HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED

Brake Lining - 100%

remains the same. It is like the friend you can trust.

Thermoid is constructed of pure Canadian asbestos. The world offers no equal. This is first interwoven and reinforced with solid brass wire. At a glance, this process would seem to make it woven solid. Yet this process is outdone.

Under giant heated rolls the interwoven asbestos and brass is impregnated with a wondrous, secret friction compound. These heavy rolls force the compound clear through every pore of the asbestos body. Then it is compressed and cured on hydraulic presses for one hour at in-

service. Why it cannot be affected by oil, water, gasoline, dirt. Why its wearing life is greater. Why it has a seven years' record of success. Why it is used on more high-grade cars than all other linings combined. (And the automobile manufacturer knows.)

Thermoid contains *fifty per cent more in actual material*, size for size, than ordinary woven brake lining—because of the hydraulic compression—because that much more material is compressed, forced, crushed into every square inch of it. A comparative test of weight will show you that.



Not affected by heat, oil, water,
gasoline or dirt

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Trenton

New Jersey

A few of the foremost cars using Thermoid 100% Perfect Brake Lining:

| | |
|----------------|----------|
| Autocar | White |
| Peerless | Marmon |
| American | National |
| Oldsmobile | Stutz |
| Palmer-Singer | F.I.A.T. |
| Locomobile | Apperson |
| Kissel Kar | Stanley |
| Empire | Simplex |
| Mitchell-Lewis | Auburn |

TRUCKS:

| | |
|-------------|----------|
| Sanford | Federal |
| Bessemer | Krebs |
| Wilcox Trux | Motokart |
| | Dart |

ELECTRICS:

Rauch & Lang Broc

LIFE



"OH! ETHEL, WHY DON'T YOU USE YOUR FINGER BOWL?"

"WHAT'S THE USE O' WASTIN' THIS GOOD JAM, MOTHER, WHEN I CAN LICK MY FINGERS?"

A Cubist Christmas

THE snow popped up and rattled like rice
 In the low, lush mistletoe marsh
 The chimes swung thick on a sickle of ice
 And jangled a discord harsh
 And the herring bone in the pickle jar
 Why *that* was a Christmas tree
 And the glibbering, globular glint was a star
 But not to you and me.

And off to the right where the candles grew
 Was a goglet that made you glare
 Pink and yellow and green and blue
 It was something descending the stair
 Carrying a slosh of sugar of lead
 Powdered with spangled ink.
 You couldn't say if 'twas living or dead
 But wouldn't it make you *think*!

That centipede doing the turkey trot
 It seems was a Christmas kiss
 You should keep one eye on the nineteenth leg
 And the other eye shut, like this
 And oh—the moon in the oilcloth glow
 And the bath-spray burst in bloom
 'Twas holly and evergreen all in a row
 If the artist had had more room.

Oh, where is the blazing pudding of plum
 And dear old Santy C—
 Who skidded over the rooftops some
 On his annual Christmas spree
 And where is the trusty Yule log's flare
 That we used to read about
 They are all in that lunatic diagram there
 The thing is—to find them out! *Kate Masterson.*

The Writer's Christmas Eve

IT was a needy Writer Man
Which had a Fountain Pen.
He lay upon the hard Divan
That filled his narrow Den.

But as he rolled his Eyes about
He saw a vision dread
Of Shadow Forms, a Spectral Rout.
Around his Trundle-bed

"And who be ye," he cried
"that play
This all unseemly Joke?"
Whereat, without the least Delay,
The foremost Shadow spoke:

"A Ruffian big and bold am I,
A Burglar, by your leave;
Some prattling Babe shall compass
my
Reform on Christmas Eve."

"A Miser, I!" another cried,
"Who still, to play my Part,
Shall keep these Purse Strings firmly
tied
Till Christmas melts this Heart!"

Then Divers Others chortled loud
Or murmured soft and mild,
"And I'm a Parent stern and proud!"
"And I'm an Orphan Child!"—

"And I, a shipwrecked Sailor Boy,
Reputed long deceased,
Return to give my Mother joy
And share the Christmas Feast!"—

"And I'm a Christmas Treasure which
Is found when needed most!"—
"And I'm a Christmas Uncle, rich!"—
"And I'm a Christmas Ghost!"—

"And I'm a Feud to be assuaged
Before the Yule Log's Glow!"—
"And I'm the Maid that gets en-
gaged
Beneath the Mistletoe!"

With that those Specters formed a
Ring
And danced with ghoulish Glee.
The Writer fainted?—No such
Thing!—
Or shrieked aloud?—Not he!



"Good Friends," quoth he, "I greet ye
well

As ye were Kings and Queens;
For I'll impound ye all, to sell
To *all* the Magazines!"

No more that Writer sighs and
groans
And blames his luckless Star!
He owns a Country Seat, he owns
A gilded Motor Car

And eke a Yacht, so taut and
trim,

For which, ye may believe,
He blesses them that haunted
him

On that same Christmas
Eve.

Arthur Guiterman.

Purely Commercial

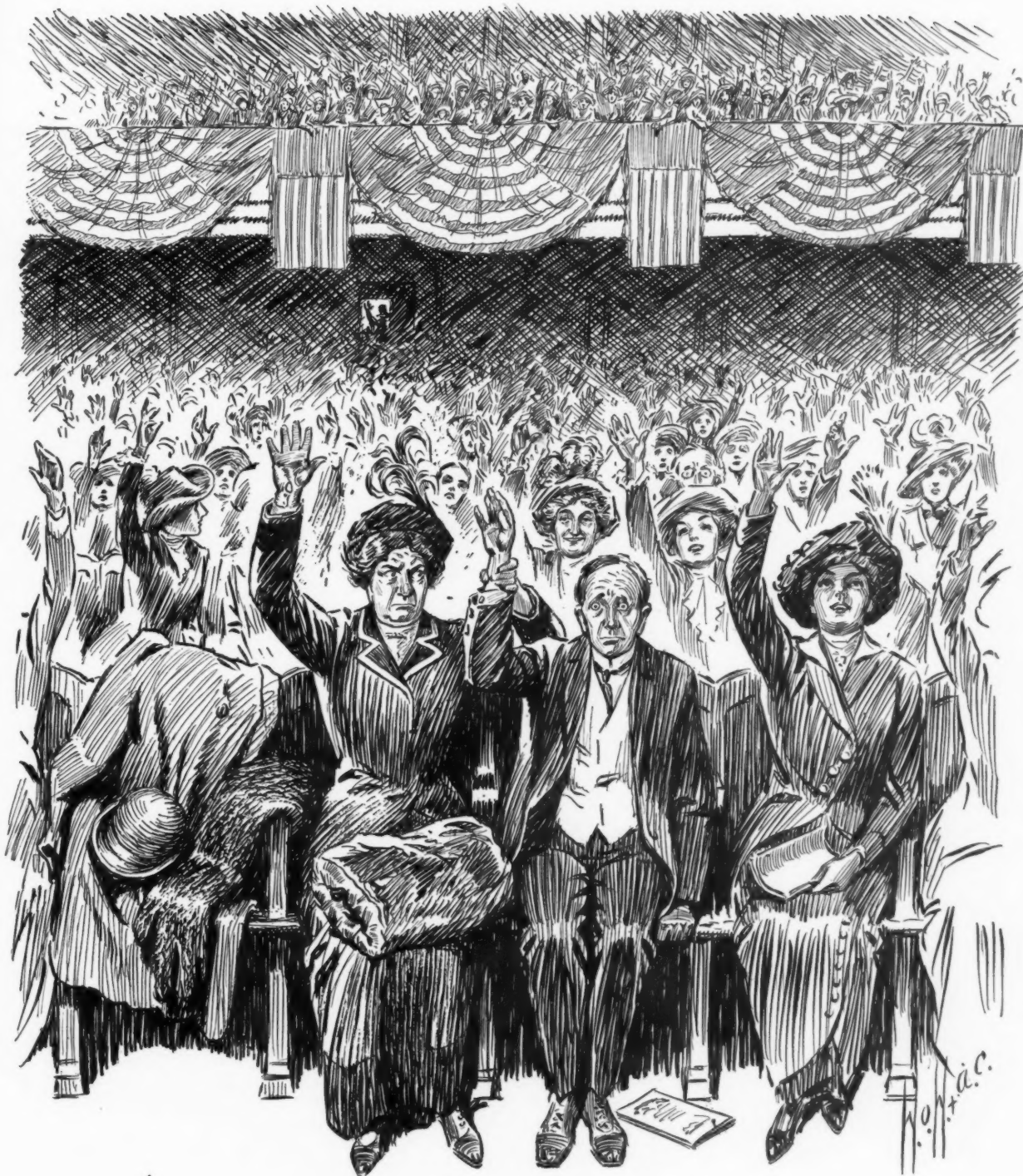
In this vein Miss Glasgow argues, in the uncommonly interesting and well considered article she contributes to the Holiday Number of *The New York Times Book Review*, to be published next Sunday, on recent literature dealing with the vital subject of feminism.—*From an editorial in the New York Times.*

HOW much does the *Times* pay itself to publish its own advertisements of its own products on its editorial page? It ought to be worth more than regular rates.

Mr. Wilson As a Stylist

PRESIDENT WILSON must write his messages with a pen and ink. Such expressions as "by a little every day his power and prestige are crumbling," do not ordinarily find their way into printed discourse by the route of the stenographer and typewriter.

He was never a space-filler on a newspaper. Perhaps it is partly to that that he owes his escape from the habit of using worn-out phrases. He puts his words together as though it was the first time they had been combined. That makes his messages a treat to read.



The Speaker: ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE HOLD UP THEIR HANDS

Dutiful Daughters

IF Eve came back to the world to-day,
After being away this many a year,
She'd probably turn to Adam and say:
"The styles haven't changed very much, my dear."

The Xmas Atmosphere

THE starving poet eagerly pounced upon a letter that had been put under the door of his garret room. It was from a well-known publication. "We need matter for our Xmas Number," the communication said, "and would like you to submit something in your best vein."

Kindly note that the following situations and themes are not desired for our columns:

The lonely man or woman brooding over the fire on Xmas Eve.

The runaway son returning to the old home in time to pay the mortgage, etc.

Xmas in the Poorhouse.

We prefer matter in which the Xmas bells and the Yule log are *not* featured.

On the other hand, we believe that there should be mention of snow or snow falling, to give the proper atmosphere.

Xmas deathbeds we regard as depressing.

Kissing under the mistletoe as a central situation is somewhat obsolete.

Couple wrecked on desert island over the Xmas holidays is somewhat strained for holiday purposes."

This was the end of the first page and the Starving Poet threw the letter to the floor in despair. Then he went to the window sill and took in a bottle half full of milk, and from a paper package he extracted a couple of soda crackers and proceeded with his morning meal.

Then his eye caught some writing on the reverse of the letter as it lay upon the floor. He reached for it and read:



"DO YOU BELIEVE THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS?"

"NOT SINCE I FOUND HIS WHISKERS IN FATHER'S CLOSET."

"We happen to have here at the office a very charming and novel picture, 'Xmas at the Old Home,' portraying a group of relatives seated about a bounteously spread table. There are the great grandmother and father—and so on, showing four generations, with aunts, cousins and poor relations gathered in loving unity on this one day of the year—one of those



The Milliner: RUN FAST, BOY!—GET THAT DELIVERED BEFORE IT'S OUT OF STYLE!"

truly delightful reunions when all feuds and quarrels are forgotten in the good cheer of the feast.

As the artist has drawn the foods in detail you might dwell on the various dishes—the fat turkeys, the baked hams, the cranberry sauce, the sweet potatoes and crisp celery, the pitchers of cider—"

Here the poet took a deep draught from the milk bottle and a bite of the cracker he held in his left hand, and continued:

"The mince and apple pies—the plum pudding—all the good things in fact that deck the holiday table. You might dilate on the brownness and crispness of the things, the gravies, sauces, etc., introducing such extras as pickles, catsups, preserves, jams, jellies, etc. We are carrying a page ad on our outside cover of the famous brands of these tinned goods, including soups, entrees and boned game, etc.

In order that you may fully enter into the spirit of this commission, we are sending you by messenger a box containing the ninety-nine varieties of these goods which you will accept with our compliments.

Accompanying this is a crate of fruit juices; a patent combination corkscrew and can-opener; also a fireless cooker, mention of which you might gracefully weave in your story."

There was a loud knock at the door and the poet rose weakly and opened it. An expressman with two basket crates and three large boxes stood there panting from his climb up the stairs.

"Sign that," he said, presenting a receipt book. No, it was *not* a dream! It is all absolutely true and the poet is now head of the advertising company of the great firm, having put so much feeling into the article he wrote for the magazine that it created the literary sensation of the year.

Kate Masterson.

Mother Knows Her Boy

"JENNY, go find Johnny, see what he is doing, and tell him to stop it right away."



A GENERAL SURRENDER

Open Letter From a Suffragette

TO the Public:

Nothing better illustrates the inferior position of woman in the present era than the custom of depicting the New Year as a child of the male or masculine gender. As this practice is absolutely indefensible and can be explained only as a studied insult to womanhood, I want to enter a protest in my most militant manner. It is discrimination of the rankiest kind.

Tell me why the New Year should be pictured as a boy? Give one reason. Leap Year, at least, ought to be pictured as a girl. That would show some slight spark of justice in the tyrant sex. But no, you are not willing to concede the relative values of man and woman to be as nearly equal as three to one.

We are willing to overlook the past to the extent of compromising this matter. The retiring year is always depicted as a worn-out and decrepit old man. To that we do not object, for women seldom grow old. Why not then let that go on as before? What could be fairer to both sexes than to let the old year be an old man, and the New Year be a little girl? Little girls are nicer than little boys, anyway.

Yours determinedly,

Arabella Snookums.



"I TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO THIS CHRIS'MAS, GERTIE. INSTEAD OF BUYING EACH OTHER PRESENTS, I'LL SEND YOU A NICKEL AN' YOU SEND ME A NICKEL."

If I Were Santa Claus

IF I were Santa Claus, I'd try to get out of the rut of reindeer-travel and "Made in Germany," and endeavor to spruce up in the mode of 1913. I'd—Oh, I'd cover the ground of a Progressive party platform with the good intent of a New Year resolution.

First, I should improve and rectify my right-of-way. I should leave Palm Beach and Bonton-on-the-Hudson off the main line in favor of Darktown and the Cabbage Patch. I should have less delivery-room in Fifth Avenue and a sight more in Avenues A, B, C and D.

In that capacious bag of mine, I should take care to stuff something for father, for those whom nobody is afraid to leave off the list, for the man-who-believes-in-telling-children-the-truth-about-Santa-Claus, and for Jimmy Povertivitzky who doesn't believe in Santa because he never comes to Smelly Alley.

I'd wrap up some good washboards in frazzly gilt and rustling tissue with a tag reading "For Clarice and Isabel," and then I'd put in the latest book by Harold Bell Scribble for mother. I'd stick in an eight-hour working-day for Mame and Sade of the glove-counter, close beside sixteen hours of sober reflection on the subject for I. Bargainbloom.

Remembering those Famous Friendships that Were but Are Not, I should include a saucy Teddy bear labeled "For W. H. T., from Theodore." And there should be a whole case of grape-juice tagged "To Billy B., from his sincere friend Champ."

I should stuff in a lot of these wreath-padded, one-canto gift-books to help swell the royalties of the poets—poor rhyming devils. I should have beautiful, but effective muzzles for the Kaiser and all our best heavy-weights; shiny, though tough armor-plate for the Czar and for Asquith, old top; pie for the Demmies; doves o' peace for Huerta, Yuan, the Sultan, the Mikado and the Governor of California. Maybe I'd put in a home for Cip Castro.



MIDNIGHT REFRESHMENTS FOR OLD ST. NICK



THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING OF THE MAGICIAN'S SON

I should endeavor to remember that this is the —less Age, and include only acheless stick-candy, noiseless drums, stingless Bourbon and smutless fiction. I shouldn't bring good fellows so many dark brown tastes, the Doc' so much Christmas practice, Pa so many bills payable, nor the minister so many long sentences for his sermon.

I would, however, put in a lot of nice tasty things enveloped in spotless tissue and bearing gilded tags with little white lies such as "For mother—from Harry, in Iloilo" or "From Bob, 'way out West somewhere." And I'd have pretty things for Miss Sallie Ann Teake with the corkscrew curls and the tabby, with a fib on a tag, "From one who will ever remember that night on the old front porch."

I'd try and make it a real holiday for Ma, the M. D., the lace-counter girl, Bill—the expressman, the postman, and the bar-tender. I'd do my shopping early, slap Red Cross stamps on every purple camel or Gibson drawing, stick in some turkey-breast for Dusty Pikes, and see that nothing "useful" went in to disappoint little Willie or Marjorie Bell. And skipping by the chimney for once, I think I should come in at the front door and show myself to—well, to the Governor of South Carolina, and maybe to Em Pankhurst. Perhaps I'd leave pairs of rose-colored glasses behind as gifts.

And finally I should try to get everywhere, even if it were necessary to discard my reindeer and go by aeroplane—or even by the New York, New Haven & Hartford railway.

No Relief Anywhere

CONDUCTOR (of motor bus on the avenue): Passengers all out. We've punctured a tire.

OLD GENTLEMAN: By Jove! It's as bad as riding in your own car.



"IT'S A DISGRACE, OFFICER; EVERY ONE OF THOSE IDLE, MISCHIEVOUS YOUNG RAGAMUFFINS OUGHT TO BE IN JAIL."

"IT WAS YER OWN SON DONE IT. I SEEN 'IM."

"IT WAS? BY JOVE! WHAT A GOOD SHOT THE DEAR BOY IS."

A Clear Field

Published for fifty-six years under the same policy, but with steadily broadening interests, the *Atlantic* is widely recognized in this day of changing magazine standards as the one American periodical of permanent value.—From a circular of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

WHY so modest, brother?

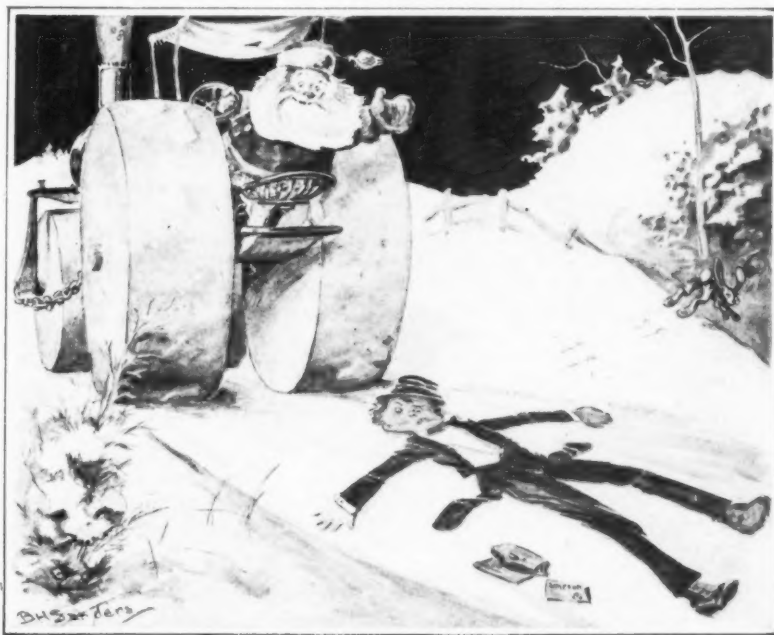
Why say "the *one* American periodical?"

Had you said the *Atlantic* and—well, never mind the other.

"PA, what is the difference between a monarchy and a republic?"

"The subjects of a monarchy, my son, have their grafters thrust upon them, while the citizens of a republic are allowed to elect their own grafters."

MARRY in haste and fight at leisure.



Santa Claus: CHEER UP! CHRISTMAS IS OVER!



BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL

Not Simple; Not a Bit



LONG of the "Teachers and Motherhood" question the *World* suggested that "it should be a simple enough matter to dismiss from the service teachers in whom marriage causes deterioration."

"Simple enough?" Stars above! Simple enough to dismiss, for example, the mother of five under seven and one at the breast, and sole support of a helpless, dependent husband?

Oh no! Not simple in any case and harder by every new baby that becomes dependent on her for support. It is a complicated question—this one whether the ladies on whom we rely to provide the instruction in the schools should also be expected to furnish the pupils.

We may expect women to gain rather than to lose by marriage, to gain especially in breadth of view and comprehension of life. Some admirable married teachers who have children are now at work as teachers in New York. They keep their places because they cannot be spared. A really valuable teacher who wants to teach should not be put out of her profession because children are born to her.

Nevertheless there is obviously some conflict between the work of raising a family and the work of teaching school. Some women will be able to do both well. Others not. If, as the *World* says, it was a simple matter to keep those who can and discharge the others, there would be no trouble. That can be managed in private schools, but discharging a teacher from the public schools in New York is very much like discharging a policeman. The job belongs to the teacher unless a sufficient reason can be

given for taking it away from her. Retention and promotion go very much by rule, and in this making of the rules there has come to be politics. The position of the school-teachers is: "This is our job for as long as we care to keep it. If the pay is not enough we will go to Albany and get it raised. We shall have husbands if we like, and children at our convenience; retaining meanwhile the privilege of leaving our employment when necessary, and returning to it when we get ready. If that doesn't seem right to the School Board, we'll go again to Albany and get a law passed that will change the School Board's mind."

That is quite a strong position. But after all; are the schools for the teachers or the teachers for the schools?

It looks as though the School Board had been forced to make a rule in a matter that should not be under a rule at all, but should be left to the judgment of some wise person in authority. People are sometimes intelligent, but rules are rigid and therefore considerably stupid. Any rigid rule that is laid down about married teachers and their maternal privileges will give bad results part of the time. But the teachers want a rule for their own protection, and the Board is constrained to make a rule for the protection of the schools.

But nobody is satisfied; the matter is not settled.

E. S. M.

"COME, Ikey, let's go to walk in Central Park."

"No, Rachel, don't ask me. It makes me so angry whenever I think of all that real estate going to waste."



CONVICTS IN NEBRASKA GO TO SCHOOL.



December



POSTAL SERVICE IN CHICAGO INCREASED BY ROLLER SKATES.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR CONGRESSMEN.



POLICE DOGS, NOW, FOR SOCIETY LADIES.



IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK.



"UNCERTAIN, GOY AND HARD TO PLEASE"



THE KAISER SAYS: A REAL MAN WEARS A MOUSTACHE.

R.T. RICHARDS.

How Modern Invention Might

For instance—



THE SIRENS MIGHT HAVE SAVED THEIR VOICES

Telling the Truth

MESSRS. DOEM, GOOD AND CO.
announce the opening of

Their Great Christmas Stock To-morrow

Prices especially raised

For the Christmas Season!

Immense showing of Shopworn Novelties! An accumulation of the past twenty years represented as entirely new!

Superb chance for rare swindling!

Each article exactly as misrepresented.

Come early, while prices are high.

Beautiful showing of Jewelry Novelties set with various stones.

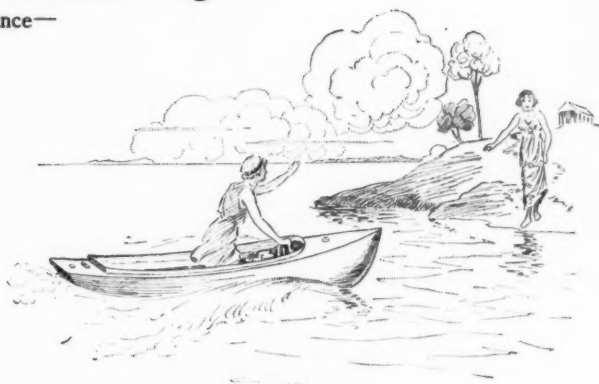
Positively none genuine!

Unsuitable Gifts for Gentlemen

Hideous Neckties at \$1.00, formerly 50c., Bath Robes at \$10.00, marked up from \$5.00, Misfit Slippers at double price! Cigars of cabbage and rope at the price of clear Havanas.

Inappropriate Presents for Ladies

Silk Stockings at \$6.00 the box, not worth \$3.00. Kid Gloves, the \$1.00 kind at \$2.00 the pair, 1910 Models in evening gowns, at this year's prices, Hats with imitation French labels, at the price of the real imported article.



LEANDER DOING THAT HELLESPONT THING



AENEAS SECURES A LITTLE SOUVENIR OF QUEEN DIDO

Book Department

Beautifully finger-marked and fly-specked editions of the Poets at \$1.19, original price 60c.

"Hens and Chickens: That's all." A choice lot of in-artistic heads of women, by

Harrison Dana Christy,

Edition de luxe \$10.00, worth much less.

Special Fake

"Bowls of Bilgewater," by Bertha Beatrice Bulge, bound in buckram and beautifully boxed at \$8.00, worth about 10c.

Art Department

Hand-painted atrocities at greatly raised prices.

Glittering Gimcracks for Guileless Givers!

None genuine unless faded or finger-marked.

Come early and Stay late!

We will rob you with courtesy and the most polite attention!

Our Motto: "Always the utmost we can get out of you."

Harvey Peake.

Have Helped Ancient Celebrities!



PHIDIPPIDES IN THE ORIGINAL MARATHON



DIOGENES SEEKING
AN HONEST MAN



HOMER STARTS THE ILIAD



Caesar: HELLO! IS THIS ROME? WELL,
VENI, VIDI, VICI!

One on the Kaiser

A BERLIN newspaper quotes the Kaiser as saying: "A real man wears a moustache."

But how about the man from whom the Kaiser gets his title? Julius Cæsar didn't.

Are You a Pio?

THE Put-It-Off Association of America (often spoken of as the Pios) has been formed in response to a widespread demand. There are a great many people who believe that Christmas shopping should not be done until the very last minute. By the propaganda of the new society it is hoped to increase this number until the stores, during the last two or three days before Christmas, have been turned into such terrible, nerve-racking crushes as to make them ideally unbearable. All those who feel the same way and are willing to subscribe to the following creed will please send in their names at once.

1. I believe that the effort of the Consumers' League and others to force the people to do their Christmas shopping early is an unwarranted interference with human liberty and an attempt to undermine the foundations of democratic principles.

2. I believe the salesgirls, delivery men and other employees engaged in the sale and distribution of Christmas goods are entitled to no consideration whatsoever and any attempt to put their interest above that of the thoughtless public should be

promptly denounced as dangerously socialistic.

3. I believe it is my right to do my shopping any time I please, to go to the stores when the nerves of the clerks have most nearly reached the breaking point and to be peevish and insolent in my manner if the attention I receive is not prompt, courteous and undivided.

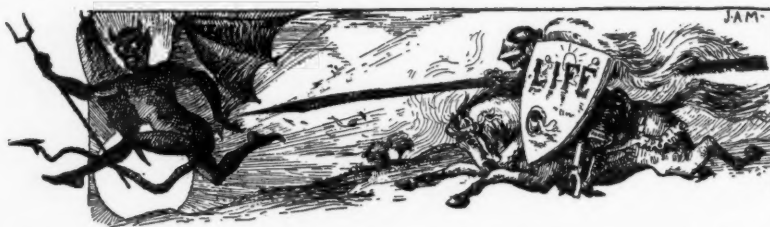
4. I believe that the time to do Christmas shopping is when everybody else is doing his, her or its Christmas shopping, and consequently I call upon all true and loyal procrastinators to "Put it off" until the very last minute, for only thus can we show our full strength and our boundless independence.

5. I believe that the Christmas festivities should be made as unpleasant as possible for everybody, including myself, and therefore I am anxious to become a member, and work for the success of the Put-It-Off Association of America.

FIRST WALL STREET BROKER:
Anything to do to-day?

SECOND WALL STREET BROKER: Certainly not.

"Come to a funeral with me. It will cheer you up a bit."



DECEMBER 25, 1913

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 62
No. 1626

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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THERE is some cheerful holiday news.

Mona Lisa is found, which is delightful. How one wishes one could add that R. P. Hob-

son and General Huerta were lost. Then the blind and the visionary, the audible and the deaf could all rejoice together.

Mr. Root got the Nobel Peace prize. Which shows real intelligence in the distributors. But it has not yet made him blindly pacific. As we go to press he has just been taking the new currency bill by the hair of head, and swinging it round and round in the Senate in a three-hour speech. He objects to the guarantee of bank deposits, and to section 16 of the bill, which he said, spells inflation, and would raise prices, damage our credit abroad, bring home our securities, and do us in the long run enormous damage. Into the bill he said had crept the financial heresies of Mr. Bryan, that had been repudiated at the polls in 1896 and 1900, and he pled with the senators to take them out.

For our part we must be counted among those who hope that before the bill becomes a law it will satisfy Mr. Root somewhat better than it does at these presents. Mr. Root is still considerably of this world in his interests and we value his opinion on any detail of the apparatus of business. We cannot feel so about Mr. Bryan. He is a sublimated spirit, and as an admiring observer lately said of him, "gets certain kinds of things wrong,

like the other ministers." If the bill as passed fell considerably short of satisfying Mr. Bryan, it would not impair our good hopes for it, but it is a different matter to pass it including provisions that Mr. Root proclaims to be loaded with disaster.

So let us hope Mr. Root's anxieties may be appeased. Nevertheless, we would rather see the bill go through substantially as it is than fail because of these belated objections. We do not find them to be sustained by any imposing weight of expert authority. Doubtless the bill is imperfect, but when its defects are known they can be remedied. Meanwhile there seem to be at least as good experts in favor of the bill as it is as there are against it.



BUT to return to the cheering topics: Some of the recent discoveries of science are cheering if one sees them from the right angle. Among the gladdest was that reported on December 11th by Dr. J. Wallace Beveridge at the Safety and Sanitation Conference in this city. Dr. Beveridge, whom we understand to be entirely trustworthy and not in any way connected with the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, announced as the result of intimate and protracted studies by Drs. Girault, Marlatt and Baldwin, that the cimex lectularius is a germ carrier and under favorable conditions can and does infect people with tuberculosis. Dr. Beveridge is convinced, as the result of his own investigations, that it plays a very im-

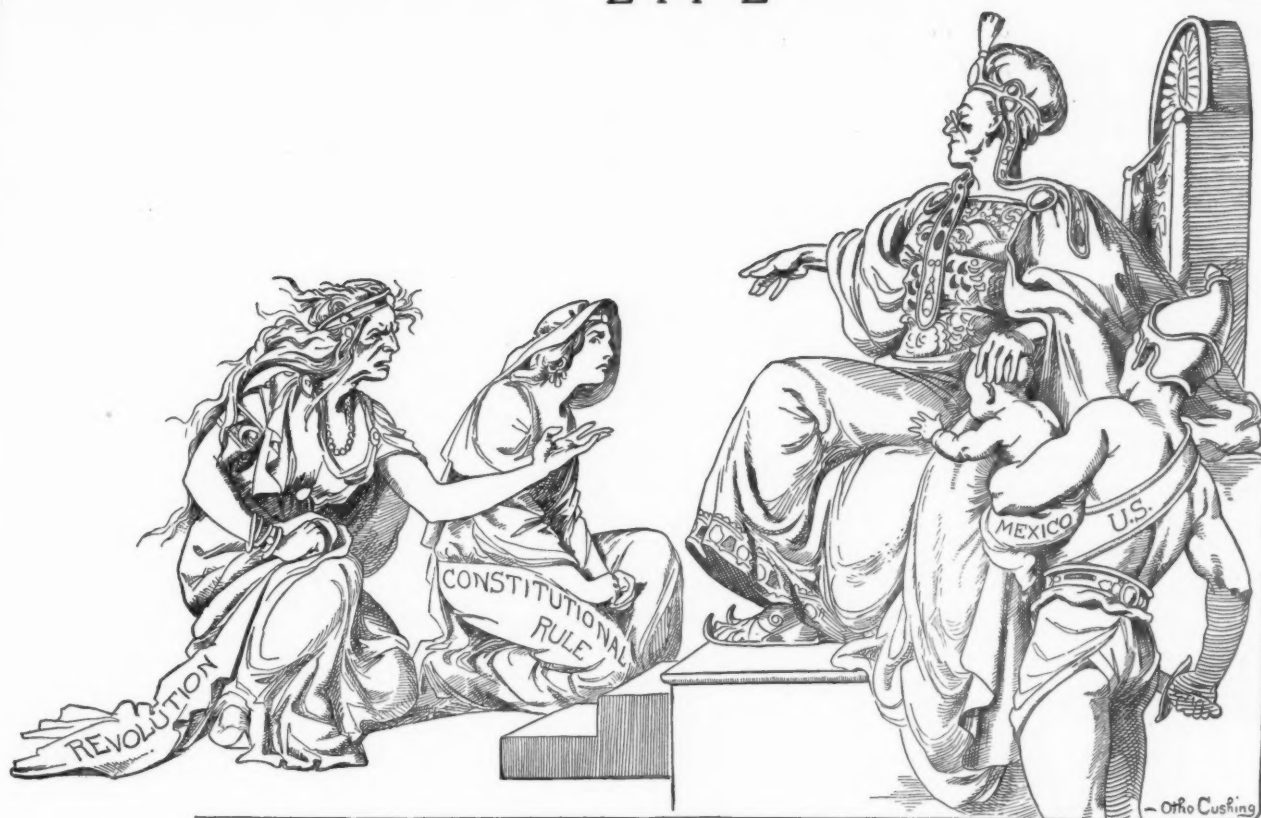
portant part in the spread of this unpopular disease, biting people who have it and then biting other people and giving it to them.

At first blush this may not seem to be good news, but when we remember that the cimex, better and much more vulgarly known as the bed-bug, belongs, with liquor, white slavery, child labor, restricted marriage and a number of very unpleasant things which we do not wish to speak of in this holiday season, in the category of sorrows due to the neglect and incompetence of male voters, about to be forever assuaged by Votes for Women, the joy of this message begins to shine through. We understand that since the third year after women got the vote in Colorado there have been no bed-bugs in that state, and that these intelligent insects come hungry to the state boundary and look across and go sadly away. It is credibly reported that they even drop out of Pullman and other cars on the border of the state, and wait for the first train back to the backward East. We understand that there are none in Utah either, and that states adjoining California have lately been much inconvenienced by their migration from that commonwealth into contiguous territory, and that the Chicago insecticides report them very restless in Illinois since the partial victory of the suffragists in that state.

These statements, though based on information which we have not been able to verify by a personal search, we still are glad to give out as evidence, as far as they go, that Votes for Women really do good, and that as the suffrage spreads, we may hope to be quit of a vast quantity of disease, as well as sin, from which we now suffer as a result of entrusting political government too much to the exclusive charge of men.



MRS. YOUNG, lately superintendent of schools of Chicago, refused to fight for her place and has retired from



SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT

" . . . GIVE her THE CHILD, AND IN NO WISE SLAY IT: *she* IS THE MOTHER THEREOF "

office. She said that if the School Board re-elected her by a unanimous vote she would accept, but otherwise she would withdraw. She had not strength enough left, she said, to enlist for a fight.

No doubt she did wisely to withdraw. By all accounts she has been a good superintendent. She is very popular in Chicago. The fact of a woman being put at the head of the great school system of Chicago was gratifying to the suffragists and all the progressive women. Led by Miss Addams, they remonstrate now against Mrs. Young's retirement. No wonder they object, for Mrs. Young has confirmed the averment of the anti-suffragists that public life, saturated as it is with political contention, is too strenuous and acrimonious an occupation for the best women to engage in. A superintendent of schools must ex-

pect to have a fight on hand all the time. Mrs. Young had to fight, and did not like it. It wore her out. Teaching was what she liked, not fighting. Is the deduction from this case unfair that women do not belong on the firing line; that they work best, and invaluable, in the more or less protected departments of life; that it is the business chiefly of men to make the world safe—a business at which they practise more successfully than they get credit for just now—and that the business of women must chiefly be done behind the ramparts of civilization and not on them?

There is a vast expenditure of energy just now to demonstrate that women are just as good as men for every purpose. But they are not. They are vastly better than men for some uses and for others not nearly so good.

There are women no doubt in Chi-

cago that would take care of the fighting end of the duties of a superintendent of schools, but they are not women of the sort that could ever get the office.



MR. TAFT has lost seventy pounds. That is a good holiday item. He did not lose any of it by worrying about the presidential nomination in 1916. He dieted, and tells how, and says he feels better. He feels well enough to make a speech on the Monroe doctrine and to say that in our present embarrassments about Mexico we should all "support the hands of the President and Secretary of State," and hope that the policy being pursued, whatever it is, will succeed, and that we may get off without any nasty war.



In Double Harness, To A
HOW UNCLE TOM CAME



ness, To Amuse The Children
UNCLE TOM CAME TO PROPOSE



Shakespeare and the Musical Classes



THERE are those who claim that Shakespeare can be best enjoyed only in the study with the reader gleaning every poetic, literary and philosophic gem from the text and furnishing the settings from his own knowledge and imagination. Others would have Shakespeare done on the stage either in doubtful attempts to produce the surroundings in which the plays were first produced, or in meagre modern setting so that nothing should divert attention from the precious lines. Yet others would see the plays gorgeously set forth with every accessory possible to the theatric art of the present day, guided in its application by artists and scholars and heightened wherever possible by recourse to all the sister arts of the drama.

Without taking sides in these differences of belief, it may be said that Forbes-Robertson's production of "Othello" would satisfy the adherents of none of them. The indistinct delivery of the greater part of the text—a fault from which the star himself is by no means free—would surely disappoint the scholar. The production is in the modern style, but its shortcomings, rather than any over-elaboration, distract the attention from the text.



FOR the acting throughout there may be claimed excuse on the ground that this is a traveling repertory company, which is not a valid excuse, for we have had other traveling repertory companies from England whose standard was tremendously above that of the present cast. Its main deficiency is in the way of delivery and diction whose faultiness absolutely destroyed, so far as the greater part of the audience was concerned, the meaning of many of the most important lines.

The desultory way in which many of the speeches were

Composite Drama



"THE STRANGE WOMAN" VISITS "GENERAL JOHN REGAN"



AMATEUR NIGHT

delivered made us almost long for the good old actory methods which, no matter how artificial, at least had distinctness of utterance as a primary virtue. Gertrude Elliott's *Desdemona* escapes this criticism and was a sweetly appealing although not a deeply moving depiction of the wronged lady. Adeline Bourne's *Emilia* was adequately spirited in acting and audible in sound, but not understandable five rows from the stage. Mr. Cookson's *Iago* was sufficiently villainous but not exactly subtle, except in the way of a Birmingham drummer disposing of counterfeit goods to an unsuspecting tradesman. Mr. Scott-Gatty's *Cassio* could claim good looks and soldierly bluntness for its only distinctions. In its entirety the performance of the cast was very much below par.



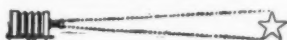
AS *Othello* Forbes-Robertson, turbaned and in the council chamber, was picturesquely imposing, dignified, graceful and delightful in the delivery of his lines of defence. The turban removed, his make-up became an element of disturbance to the mind. His fine hair was so at variance with precedent and with any mental picture of the Moor that one was constantly wishing that he had made sufficient concession to fancy to wear a wig, even if not a very good wig. Nor do his features lend themselves to the dark make-up, and there were moments of strong facial action when his expression touched on the grotesque more than on the impressive. A defect of his speech was permitting his voice in moments of high emotion to drop for considerable stretches into the muffled, throaty tones where the words were absolutely indistinguishable. In the composed passages his elocution had the same charm that everyone finds in his *Hamlet*. His readings were in conventional method with occasional variations; for example, an unfamiliar emphasis in the line "Put out the light and then put out the light", divesting it of its usual obscurity in speech.

Forbes-Robertson's *Othello* is interesting, but not likely to go down to fame in companionship with his *Hamlet*.



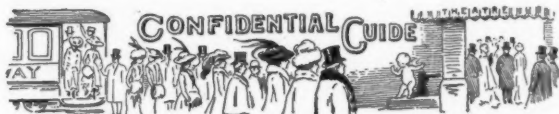
IT was interesting to see that august institution, the Metropolitan Opera, dropping into opera bouffe and simultaneously the usual bored look disappear from the faces of some of its habitués. The occasion was the first production of Doctor Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier", which, properly boiled down and enlivened with a few local and timely gags, would serve excellently as material for some of the many homes of comic opera on Broadway. Even the *cognoscenti* and admirers of Strauss admit that there is a good deal of musical rubbish in the composition, and that even for the Metropolitan stage it would be improved by liberal excision. What remained would be a really jolly work with ample opportunities for singing and acting, with tuneful numbers and with remarkably skillful descriptive orchestration, much of the last in humorous vein.

If the comedy *Baron Terchenau* of Otto Goritz and the excellently acted girl-boy, boy-girl of Margarete Ober could only be Englished and played by them on our girl-and-music stage they would appeal even to the intellect of our most tired business men and give the rest of us a little relief from the present monotony in that sphere of art.



"HIGH JINKS" at the Lyric belongs in the girl-and-music school of entertainment, but is marked with considerable originality and is played with unusual vim and dash. The Friml music is a good deal better than the ordinary, and the joint authors have made up a book with something of a plot and a whole lot of clever nonsense in the way of lines and lyrics. The company is also well selected and headed by Mr. Tom Lewis, as the adipose comedian, and Elizabeth Murray, a comedienne who has the artistic ability to get her effects on legitimate lines. There is a numerous cast and, of course, girls, girls, girls. The composer fortunately knows how to write something besides rag-time, so "High Jinks" is an unusually good offering in its class.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—That dramatic puzzle, "The Seven Keys to Baldpate". Funny at times and mystifying the audience to the very end.

Belasco.—"The Secret," by Henri Bernstein, with Frances Starr. Notice later.

Booth.—"Prunella." Well staged and well acted poetical fantasy with musical accompaniment.

Casino.—"Oh! I Say!" Girl-and-music show. Somewhat tuneful and fairly amusing.

Century Opera House.—Standard operas in English at popular prices. As a rule well done.



VEGETARIAN VS. MEAT EATER

DAVE RODEY KNOCKS OUT GOLIATH THE BUN



THE WHITE SLAVE

Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." Laughable and very well acted study in New York's Jewish life as connected with the cloak-and-suit trade.

Comedy.—"The Marriage Game." Diverting light comedy well presented and among other things showing wives how to keep or reclaim their wandering husbands.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Delightfully acted and agreeable comedy showing how an Irish-American girl, as artistically portrayed by Miss Laurette Taylor, can overwhelm British society with the aid of an intellectual dog like Michael.

Criterion.—"The Man Inside." Mr. Roland B. Molineux's melodramatic plea for more gentleness in dealing with the thug and thief. Well staged and interesting.

Eltinge.—Last fortnight of "Within the Law". Admirably acted and most absorbing melodrama of crookdom and department-store tyranny.

Empire.—"Tante." Ethel Barrymore demonstrating through the medium of an interesting play some of the depths of meanness and selfishness to which a woman may descend.

Forty-eighth Street.—"To-day." Elementary drama by Messrs. Broadhurst and Schomer showing life as it isn't and depending for its drawing powers on a foul episode.

Fulton.—"The Misleading Lady." A curious jumble in the way of farce, but with some ingenious and laughable situations.

Gaiety.—Elsie Ferguson in "The Strange Woman". A fairly amusing play with a charming impersonation by the star.

Garrick.—"Madam President." Very laughable and also risky French farce with Fannie Ward at the head of the cast.

Globe.—"The Madcap Duchess." Delightfully tuneful and tastefully staged comic operetta with score by Victor Herbert.

Hippodrome.—"America." Great big show of spectacle, ballet and thrills.

Hudson.—"Gen. John Regan." Witty and humorous depiction of village life in Western Ireland; well presented.

Knickerbocker.—Revival of the celebrated old comedy, "The Henrietta", by Bronson Howard, with Amelia Bingham and Messrs. William H. Crane and Douglas Fairbanks. Notice later.

Longacre.—"Adele." Nicely done and pleasant comic operetta with agreeable music. Well acted and well sung.

Lyceum.—Miss Billie Burke in "The Land of Promise", by Mr. W. S. Maugham. Notice later.

Lyric.—"High Jinks." Book by Messrs. Dittrichstein and Hauerbach. Score by Rudolf Friml. See above.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Hop o' My Thumb." See above.

Maxine Elliott's.—"We are Seven", by Eleanor Gates, author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl". Notice later.

Playhouse.—"The Things That Count," by Mr. Laurence Eyre. Christmas comedy of elementary sentiment and humor. Not impressive, but enjoyable and well done.

Princess.—Composite bill of five daring playlets, very uneven in quality, but interesting to the not too easily shocked.

Shubert.—Closing performances of the farewell tour of Forbes-Robertson. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"At Bay." Melodrama of murder and blackmail. Well acted and reasonably interesting.

Wallack's.—Mr. Cyril Maude and his London company in comedy-melodrama entitled "Grumpy", with the star justifying his reputation as a character comedian.

Winter Garden.—"The Pleasure Seekers." Typical girl-and-rag-time show with Jewish comedians.



BUGS—"big bugs" and mere insects—from the *plats du jour* on this issue's literary menu.

This includes (1) "The Life of the Fly" (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50 net), another instalment of J. H. Fabre's Balzacian *Comédie sous-Humaine*, his "Souvenirs Entomologiques"; (2) a biographical study of Fabre himself, "Fabre, Poet of Science" (Century, \$3.00), by one of his devoted disciples, Dr. C. V. Legros; and (3) a presently interesting and historically valuable folio of photographic portraits called "Men of Mark" (Kennerley, \$10.00), by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

Lovers of Fabre—which is to say men of a hundred varying types, each of which, in its own way, senses the fineness of the man through the meshes of his work—would doubtless be glad just now of almost any biographical opportunity of adding to their knowledge of him and his life. And Dr. Legros's "Fabre, Poet of Science", while it fails in its well-informed and conscientious heterogeneity, to be in any way creative, or to place before us any living figure of Fabre, nevertheless offers us this opportunity. The author has been closely associated with the great naturalist, has shared in his work and has enjoyed his friendship. He had the active coöperation of his conversation as well as access to all his papers in the preparation of this biography. So that while the book makes a disappointing use of a magnificent opening, it is both honest in its purpose and authoritative in its data.

As for Fabre himself, it is a real joy to see him becoming something of a familiar figure and friend to Americans; he who is so unobtrusively capable of friendliness; to meet him in the magazines (which is like running across Ben Franklin on the Champs Elysées); and to see his life work gradually finding its way into English. Sudden celebrities have been rife during the past decade; and Europe has periodically blazed with temporary *Novae*. But here, surely, is the soundest and the securest of these reputations; the simplest and most profound of these mentalities; the sweetest and most companionable of these personalities. And we are lucky that so able a virtuoso as

Alexander Teixeira de Mattos—for to put Fabre into English is as much an art as to play Chopin on the violin—is doing the translating of the "Souvenirs".

Of course, the studies included in "The Life of the Fly" are necessarily less striking than those, say, in "The Life of the Spider". Yet this softening of exotic color is offset by our interest of personal contact, and is, moreover, more than made up for by the presence of several chapters in which he treats of his own past life with the same exquisite and inimitable blend of scientific scrupulosity, philosophic aloofness and poetic appreciation which he brings to the study of his—one is almost tempted to say—his other insects.

Mr. Coburn's "Men of Mark" is the chef d'oeuvre of a photographic Boswell—thirty-three photogravures from as many photographic portraits of celebrities with an introductory account, by the photographer, of how they were obtained. Here are Shaw, Chesterton, Wells, Masefield, Bennett, Galsworthy, Yeats, Roosevelt, Rodin, Matisse (Mr. Coburn, you see, photographs by limelight), and here in the autobiographical introduction, is a self-portrait of the artist (himself something of a celebrity); literally a speaking likeness, although done without the intervention of a lens.

It appears, after reading this introduction and examining the often striking portraits, that—by a sort of metaphorical coincidence—the dearest interests and most

spontaneous activities of both Fabre (whom Coburn would assuredly have photographed if he had heard of him) and of Coburn (whom Fabre would certainly have studied had he run across him) have been entomological—Fabre as a student, and Coburn as a collector. Fabre, with matchless ingenuity and an inexhaustible patience that, at times, waited half a lifetime for an opportunity, insinuated himself into the secrets of the little lives he sought to explain. Coburn, with invulnerable assurance and a pertinacity that thought nothing of either oak or oceans, introduced himself into the good graces of those growing reputations which he sought to impale upon his photographic pins.

And in different degrees we are indebted to both of them. To the "incomparable observer", the sound scientist, the poet-philosopher, the wizard word-smith who, full of years and of wisdom, still stands humble and engrossed before the half-known edge of the unknowable as exemplified in the larva of a fly; and to this young photographic Utamaro who has specialized in big heads until he has acquired one. J. B. Kerfoot.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

A Short History of the United States, by John Spencer Bassett. A handy reference book by the professor of American History at Smith College.

The Custom of the Country, by Edith Wharton. The history of a social campaign—"from Apex to the sea". A book written more in anger than in sorrow.

The Dark Flower, by John Galsworthy. In which, at last, an artist has a say upon sex. A triptych tale, crystal pure, and with a touch of true masculine universality.

Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. The most unabridged dictionary extant. Also the best single-volume, all-around reference book.

If You Touch Them They Vanish, by Gouverneur Morris. An opalescent tale of mental totterings and sentimental restorations. To be served with three pocket handkerchiefs and a box of chocolates on the side.

Joan Thursday, by Louis Joseph Vance. A horrid (but honestly observed and straightly told) tale of life as it's lived. A study of contemporary anthropology.

The Monroe Doctrine; an Obsolete Shibboleth, by Hiram Bingham. A concise and enlightening discussion of the sanctions of our attitude and its effect on South American sentiment.

The Plain Man and His Wife, by Arnold Bennett. The praises of hobbies very condescendingly inculcated in ideas of one syllable.

The Publisher, by Robert Sterling Yard. A little book that divulges no secrets, but brushes many professional reticences aside in a vein of open friendliness.

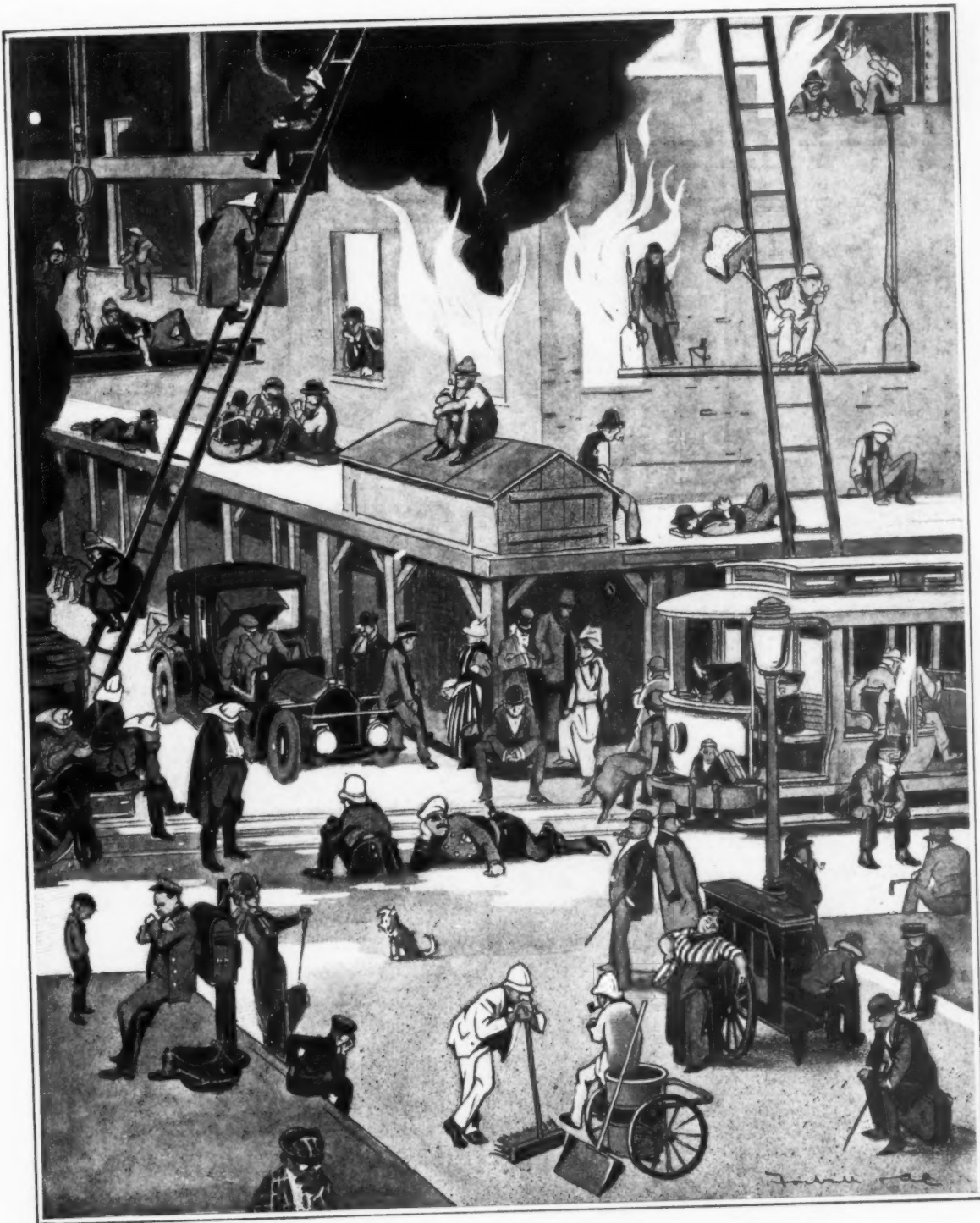
Round the Corner, by Gilbert Cannan. A novel which passes our habitual make-beliefs and makeshifts in review. An able piece of work, not unkindly tinged with irony.

The Opinions of Gerome Coignard, by Anatole France. One of this writer's less important works, but full of sly humor and of characteristic quality.

Tiger, by Witter Bynner. The shortest white slave play, the sharpest, and the only one that links itself to contemporary letters.

A Vagabond in New York, by Oliver Maddox Hueffer. Chapters from the log of a dismantled Englishman, drifting toward the Sargossa Sea.

The White Linen Nurse, by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. A mixture of maple syrup, quinine, red pepper and Taragon.



IF WE ALL WAITED FOR INSPIRATION

Modern

(SCENE)

(A solarium. Time: Evening. A shaded lamp casts a diffused light. He appears to be slightly agitated. She is calm and self-contained.)

SHE—I thought you were a minute late, but I was wrong. You are right on time.

HE—On time! Why, I have been walking around the block for the last half hour.

SHE (ignoring his remark in her pre-occupation)—Turn off the phonograph, please, and let us arrange the detail of our little affair.

HE (complying and returning, standing in front of her rather timorously)—Look here, Polly. I am awfully nervous about this thing.

SHE—Nonsense! I can understand how you might have felt at one time, but marriage has been robbed of practically all of its terrors. Did you bring that list of securities with you?

HE—No, I forgot it. Say, don't you think I ought to hold your hand, or something of that sort?

SHE—Now, Billy, please don't get sentimental. It is horribly out-of-date, and besides it is so uneugenic.

HE—It seems unnatural to be sitting here talking about the beastly, practical details of the marriage when I ought to be doing—well, something or other. Would it do any harm for me to hold your hand while you are talking?

SHE—Certainly it would.

HE—Well, I'll be hanged if I can understand you. I have not regularly proposed, anyway. Of course, we are going to get married, but it is all somehow or other a kind of cold process. How would it do for me to put my arm around your waist?

SHE (fixing him slowly with a lack-luster eye)—It would be impossible for me to tell you what I think of such a proposition, because I cannot permit myself to have such an unwholesome emotion as to lose my temper.

HE—Hang it, Polly! What's the use? Come down, can't you? I cannot get the thing through my head.

SHE—Well, I have explained it to you innumerable times. Love is no



A WOMAN LIKES A

longer a matter of empiricism. It is a question of each one of us psychologically complementing the other. It is only the law of rhythmic motion.

HE—Well, I'll be hanged if I can see the use of getting married at all.

SHE—That is because you are a man. You must be guided by my instructions.

HE—Do you mean to say that I cannot make love to you at all?

SHE—Certainly not—now. Possibly after we are married.

HE—But they say one never wants to—then.

SHE—But what does that prove if not that it is superfluous? It is a soul union. The love which you speak of is impossible. And then, consider how unwholesome it is.

HE—You're looking awfully fit tonight. I never saw you so charming.



J. R. SHAFER

MANLY MAN, BUT—

You are positively, bewitchingly beautiful.

SHE—Come now.

HE (*grasping her hand in spite of her and attempting to put his arm around her waist, breathlessly*)—I can't stand it!

SHE (*rising*)—You are forgetting yourself.

HE (*grabbing her firmly in his arms and kissing her*)—There!

SHE (*thrusting him aside*)—Primitive brute! Go!

HE (*stepping back*)—You don't mean it.

SHE (*opening the door and pointing outward*)—It is all over. You have committed an unpardonable sin.

HE—Polly, tell me why.

SHE—As if I, under any circumstances, could think of marrying any man who has made love to me!

Locking the Doors

THE maximum punishment for employers who lock their factory doors and thus endanger the health and lives of their employees is a fifty-dollar fine. It is not given to us to understand just why the New York legislators fixed this amount. Is it supposed to bear some wise and scientific relation to the value of an employee? In the Triangle fire, where the doors were locked, one hundred and forty-eight employees, mostly girls, were burned. On a fifty-dollar basis that would make them worth thirty-three and one-third cents apiece. But maybe the legislature was working from some set of statistics showing an average number of fires. We do not know. At any rate, the locking of factory doors still seems to be profitable, for arrests are made and fines are imposed nearly every day.

Approached from a more emotional and a less coldly scientific standpoint, other methods of punishing the offense suggest themselves. For instance, it is but a short mental step from locking factory doors on employees to locking prison doors on employers. Was that kind of justice too primitive to occur to the legislature? It is not unlikely the employees would be willing to pay thirty-three and one-third cents apiece to have this tried on some of the bosses. Maybe the legislature will find time to look into the matter again.

Look Where You Step, Brother

LIFE charges that hospital physicians and surgeons inject newly discovered diseases into unsuspecting patients. We don't hold any brief for hospital staffs, who are able to take care of themselves, but when's LIFE going to get out a Veracious Number?—*Pittsburgh Press*.

IF we told an untruth—which seems incredible—we are truly sorry.

But in this case we had our information from the published reports of the hospital physicians and surgeons themselves. And on whom can they try these new serums if not on hospital patients?

We fear a Veracious Number of LIFE on that subject would be even more gruesome and generally offensive than our regular issues.

Dyspepsia

FOR the moment it looks as if dyspepsia were finally coming into its own, after years of neglect, misprizal and a persistent ignoring of its supreme importance as a factor in human affairs.

In "Dr. Breen's Practise," one of those earlier books by Mr. Howells, before he left off being gay, there is an elderly gentleman, who, being pressed to take a nap, replies that he never sleeps, he would as soon think of digesting.

To-day if we do not digest it is not for want of thinking about it, and any man with a new theory of what we should eat is in no danger of starving. There is no disgrace attaching to a diet; on the contrary, it is eminently the prerogative of those who have too much rather than too little to eat, and if one is forbidden this or that comestible it is not scorn which meets the confession, but rather an immense and sympathetic curiosity, founded on similar experiences.

Most significant of all, our writers of fiction are awaking to the fact that to depict life without dyspepsia, is not to see life truly nor to see it whole.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE
Jacko: YOU KISS HER FIRST



FIRST SNAPSHOT OF SANTA LEAVING A CHIMNEY

Nevertheless, though Dickens called it our national disease, it remains for the Englishman to perceive the true significance of this perpetual internal adjustment, and to incorporate it in a work of art. The career of the inimitable Mr. Polly was deeply influenced, if not decided, by what Mr. Wells refers to as "the unseen battle of the pit." "If Mr. Polly had been transparent, or even passably translucent, then, perhaps, he might have realized from the Laocoon struggle he would have glimpsed, that he was indeed not so much a human being as a civil war."

In the "Great Man", Mr. Arnold Bennett is not afraid to show his hero twice prostrate under the fell influence of marrons glacés. "It was not a mere attack, it was a revolution, beginning with slight insurrection, but culminating in universal upheaval, the over-throwing of dynasties, the establishment of Committees of Public Safety and a reign of terror.

As a series of phenomena it was immense, variegated, and splendid." To those who fail to see the purpose of such sordid revelations, we recommend the closing sentence: "He awoke, refreshed and renewed, full of that languid but genuine interest in mortal things which is at once the compensation and the sole charm of a dyspepsy!"

And even though as yet no author has been bold enough to picture his heroine with a stomach-ache, things look hopeful: She seldom faints; she has already lost her unearthly beauty and most of her moral attributes, and pretty soon she will have to forego her romantic diseases of the lungs and heart, her brain fevers following emotional upsets, and take her chances with the hero on the more common ills of the flesh.

Emma Repplier Witmer.

Why Not Do This?

CLERGYMAN (making the Sunday announcements): We have decided for the present to abandon foreign missions. The offering to-day will be for All American Ambassadors living abroad. It is needless for me to—etc.





HOW THE CAP'N LOST HIS LEG

Rules for Reading "The Daily Yell"

1. **FUMIGATE** it with a mixture of one part humor and two parts common sense.
2. Read first the short items in fine type; if you have time, glance at the big-type headings, but omit what is below them.
3. Note carefully the men whom *The Yell* runs down, that you may vote for them if you ever get a chance.
4. Observe also what men *The Yell* praises. Try to discover what *The Yell* they have been doing.
5. If you wish to improve your English, read a *Yell* editorial once a day. It is as important to know what to avoid as what to imitate.
6. If you wish to improve your powers of observation and reasoning, note the large advertisements carried by *The Yell*, and trace the connection between them and the sentiment expressed by the editorial page.
7. For an exercise in mental microscopy, try to find something worth while in *The Yell's* columns.
8. Having thus utilized your copy to the full extent, carefully burn it in the nearest rubbish incinerator.

Amos R. Wells.

Such a Modern Applicant!

TO the poet who writes in the *Courier-Journal* about "Hope Deferred":

This seems a portless sea,
Which I sail slowly on;

His spirits are low. He enquires:

Is there no port flung wide,
To harbor my frail bark

He doubts if there is, but says:

I hope that Sailor bold
Will guide the wheel for me,
And shewn the restless sea with gold,
Until mine eyes shall see
Some open port.

Perhaps he means the roulette wheel, but the reader may suspect that he has been reading the Office-Seekers' Blue Book and has in mind the one hundred thousand ports that open to applicants favored by the bold Sailor who guides the wheel at Washington.

A job for this gentleman!

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable

Mr. Sinclair Protests

EDITOR OF LIFE:

A year or two ago I was surprised to read, in a publication which I had supposed made some pretense to the understanding of good taste, an attack upon my art, into which some references to my private life were dragged. Doubtless it is true that an artist's work may reach its highest development with the help of a harmonious domestic life, and may be completely demoralized by an inharmonious one; but discussions of such aspects of literature are generally left until the man has departed from this sphere.

I forebore to protest, hoping that your manners might mellow with age; but a review of my novel, "Sylvia", which has just been brought to my attention, seems to me again to go beyond the limits of the permissible. Fortunately, this time it is not a matter of taste, about which people differ, but a matter of fact. You state that one of the principal scenes of the book is "in unmistakable emulation" of one from "Zuleika Dobson"; you emphasize this in a later review by calling "Sylvia" a

"version" of the same book. I beg to state that I have never read a line of the book in question, and had never even heard the name of it until I read your statements. The scene in question, whether good or bad, is the product of my own mind.

You then go on to accuse me of imitating Brieux. All I can say is that a scenario of "Sylvia", and the two volumes which are to follow, was read and discussed by half a dozen of my friends before "Damaged Goods" was published in English, and when Brieux was nothing but a name to me. It is, of course, your right to describe Brieux as "a member of the Firm", while I am nothing but a "bawler-out", if that is your idea of criticism; but I fear that you may embarrass M. Brieux, who recently urged me to come to Paris to collaborate upon a play with him, and will now find that he has compromised the prestige of "the Firm".

Finally, may I say to your sensitive-souled reviewer that unmentionable diseases occur in America as well as in France, and it is a perfectly possible thing for an American writer to have been independently moved to portray

their effects upon family life. I am sure that M. Brieux would be the last person in the world to claim that he had said the last word upon the subject, or to desire that his name and fame should be used as a club to knock other and younger writers down.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

EDGEWOOD, DEL.,
October 18, 1913.

Surgeons and Their Garb

EDITOR OF LIFE:

A prominent surgeon, Peterkin by name, according to a special from Chicago, where a meeting of physicians and surgeons is being held, says that when operating he dresses according to his moods. "There should be perfect harmony between a surgeon's clothing and the mood he happens to be in," the good doctor declares. To my mind, in order to suit the circumstances, there are times when the surgeon should be garbed in prison stripes, as, for example, when he is in a mood to rob a poor man of his appendix, when suffering from inflammation of the colon, which operation may be likened to amputating the little toe in a case of hip disease, with this difference: his cutting increases the present inflammation and lessens the victim's chances of recovery, while the loss of a toe is practically harmless.

CHARLES E. PAGE, M. D.

BOSTON, MASS.,
November 22, 1913.

"Au Revoir!"

DEAR LIFE:

Being one of the vast number of narrow-minded, wicked people who read LIFE, I have noticed there occasionally appears in your correspondence department a terrible denunciation by some Solomon who thinks he sees a close resemblance between LIFE and Satan himself. This reminds me that ever since I was left an orphan at the tender age of seven, some of my relatives, including dear brother and a few other keen wits, have been almost unanimous in their opinion that I was predestined for hell. Let me state that, while I haven't exactly qualified for the ministry, still I am not in jail at the present writing.

Looking forward to the sweet bye-and-bye when I shall have the pleasure of meeting you, as well as some other perfectly respectable people I have known,

Candidly yours,

ARCHIBALD PRATT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
October 30, 1913.



Innocent Old Lady: I HEAR A GREAT DEAL ABOUT THIS TANGO TEA NOWADAYS. HOW MUCH IS IT A POUND?



OUR HOME CORRESPONDENCE COURSE FOR PROSPECTIVE MOTORISTS

Hail, New Orleans, Hail

IF you want to be sure of shuffling off this mortal coil without undue delay, we are told that New Orleans is the most attractive of the cities of over 100,000. Her rate is 20.2 deaths per 1,000 annually, while Memphis, Tenn., is barely nosed out of first place with a rate of 20.1. Minneapolis, at the other end, is nearly distanced with a rate of 10.7. It would not be worth while, of course, to pursue the inquiry to the point of discovering why there should be twice as many deaths per thousand in one city as in the other. To get at it exactly would necessitate taking a great many things into consideration and, by the time we had piled Ossa upon Pelion of statistics covering climate, hookworm, race prejudice, chilblains, liquor consumption, sewer systems, previous condition of servitude, etc., our interest in the death rate would have ebbed completely.

Perhaps, therefore, we may content ourselves with a simple paradox. Where life looks easiest, it is most perilous and where it looks rigorous, conditions are really the most kind.



JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS
THE NIGHTMARE OF AN OVERWORKED SHOP-GIRL



His Reason for Delay

That things are often a whole lot worse than they appear at first sight was demonstrated by a story told by Senator Henry Lippitt of Rhode Island at a recent banquet.

Some time since, according to the Senator, a man wearing an exceedingly thoughtful expression, entered the office of a lawyer.

"Mr Smith," said he, addressing the legal light, "can I bring suit against a man for calling me a rhinoceros?"

"You certainly can," was the prompt reply of the lawyer. "When did he call you a rhinoceros?"

"Let me see," reflected the client. "It was three years ago last August."

"Three years ago!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer. "And you are just thinking of bringing suit?"

"Yes sir," answered the client. "You see, it is this way: I never saw a rhinoceros until yesterday."

—Philadelphia Telegraph.



THE DOPER

Father's Ultimatum

The father of a large family of children was trying hard to read the evening paper.

"What's that terrible racket in the hall, Martha?"

"One of the children just fell downstairs."

"Well," he replied, turning over another page of the paper, "you tell the children if they can't fall downstairs quietly, they'll have to stop it."

—Lippincott's.

Disproving a Proverb

Lady Cook (Tennessee Claffin) was talking in Pittsburg about time's changes.

"Woman used to wear the hoop-skirt," she said, "and the wind blew it up outrageously. She now wears the slashed skirt, a much more modest affair."

"Time changes all things," ended Lady Cook. "I said to a young man the other day:

"Distance lends enchantment."

"But not," he answered, "when you're taking your girl home in a taxicab."

—New York Tribune.

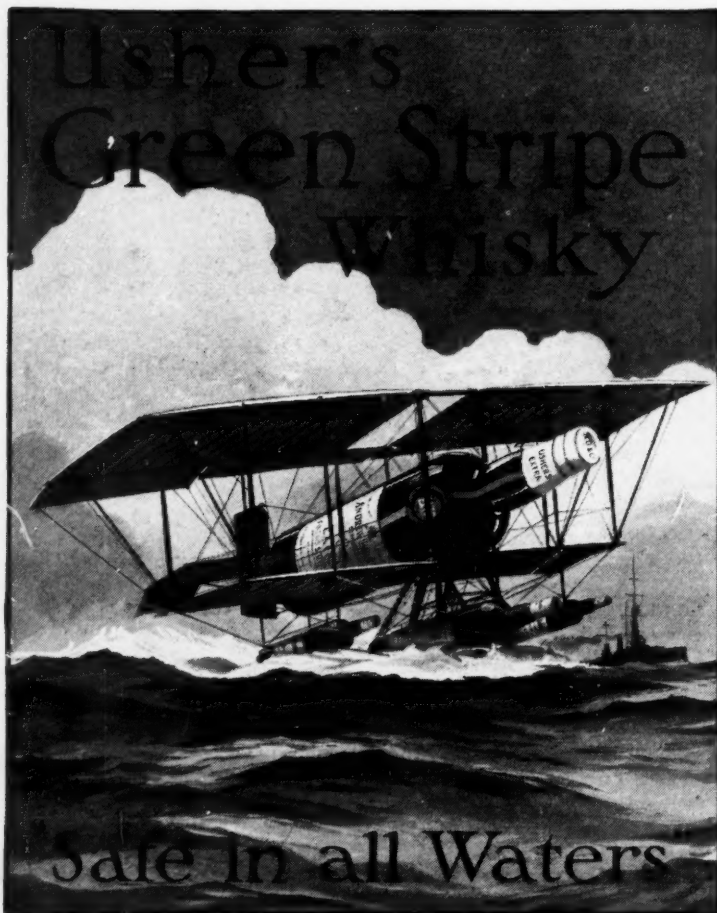
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"SAY, MR. POSTMAN, WILL YOU DELIVER ME ACROSS THE STREET FOR TWO CENTS?"

A Menace to Society

THERE is evidence that our millionaires are gradually coming to find out that they have enough. Mr. Rockefeller admits that he doesn't want any more, which is equivalent to saying that he has more than he can count. Mr. Carnegie hopes to die poor. Others are in the same class.

This is a great pity. It would be much better if they would go right on acquiring more, instead of arriving at a point where they think they can inspire us by something interesting and original enough to be worth while. The process of acquiring money is really much more harmless than it seems to be. While our millionaires were doing it we knew at least what they were up to. Now we don't know what unexpected thing they may do next. We know at least what Mr. Hill is doing when he is busy acquiring more railroads or "building up" the West. But when he attempts to instruct us on how to live, we experience a proper feeling of resentment. We don't want Mr. Hill or any other rich man to tell us how to live. We have nothing against Mr. Hill, so long as he keeps quiet about it. We can find out how to live from any useful compendium, or by subscribing to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. When we really want to be instructed, however, we prefer to go to the man who has failed, not succeeded.

REPORTER (to *Woman's Rights* agitator): And do you honestly believe that a woman should get a man's wages?

AGITATOR (grimly humorous): It depends upon whether she's married to him or not.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

The Finest Resort Hotel in the World

Has been built at Sunset Mountain, Asheville, N. C.

Absolutely Fireproof. Open All the Year

An old-fashioned Inn—walls five feet thick, of granite boulders. Water from slopes of highest mountain east of Rockies; milk and cream supplied exclusively by Biltmore Dairies on estate of George W. Vanderbilt; finest golf links in the South adjoin Hotel. Write for rates and Booklet B.

GROVE PARK INN

Sunset Mountain, Asheville, N. C.

Felton's Crystal Spring Old Rum

The Only Rum Bottled in Bond—Ask Your Dealer.



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NO FREEZING. NO LITTER. NO ODORS. Opens with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr. 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass



"Heppelwhite" exclaimed the Old Gentleman. You can know him by his *dancing lines*. He breathed into his art the spirit of classicism and created forms of which none can tire."

From "Chats About Silver," sent free upon request

WHAT better gift can one make today than a Heppelwhite Service with the quaintness of the quaint old maker's time set upon it like a grace?

Reed & Barton, during nearly a century, have re-created the silver fashions of many periods in many patterns, blazing silver trails in the field of exclusive designs. No silver can be too elaborate, or too simple, to be found in the Reed & Barton compass, which includes gold, bronze and pewter forms as well.

Send for "Chats About Silver," filled with word and brush pictures of old, quaint times.

Offered by Leading Jewelers Everywhere

Reed & Barton

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Represented at
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4 Maiden Lane
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Boston Chicago San Francisco



New

HERE is a suggestion for everybody. Why not lead the contrast life?

The trouble with most people is that they get into the habit of doing something. Getting into the habit of doing anything is fatal in the long run. First, it causes you trouble to get into it. Second, it involves a certain amount of difficulty in keeping into it. Third, once having passed the first two difficulties you cannot get out of it.

Therefore everybody should live the contrast life. If you are the head of a large family and live in a real home, go out sometime and become a star boarder in a boarding-house.

If you are intensely respectable, take a day off and do a wicked thing, or if you are wicked be respectable for a short time.

If you are an automobilist, get out and walk.

If you have a sweet disposition, lose your temper and throw plates.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Fair Athlete

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could golf from morn till evening
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother
'Cause she wasn't very strong!

—London Opinion.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

As Woids are Rhymed in New Yoik

Verse seen in a Forty-second Street car, in a brewing company's advertisement:

As losses on bottles quickly run into coin,
We make an allowance on every return.

—Evening Post.

A NOTED physician the other day was called upon to examine the heart action of a college classmate's son.

"You've got tobacco heart, I guess," said the physician.

"But, doctor, I haven't"—protested the young man.

"Go 'way now; I'm busy."

Later on the father met the physician and told him that his boy hadn't smoked for four years.

"Well, then," said the physician, "the boy must be in love."—Tribune.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

A MAN worth \$10,000,000 is no happier than a man worth \$9,000,000. Money does not always bring happiness.

—Lippincott's.



Summertime all the Time PINE FOREST INN SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

In the Heart of Southern Pines.

Fine 18 Hole Golf Course, Trap Shooting—Gunning—Riding and Driving. Every Day a Summer Day. 150 Rooms—80 Private Baths. Cottages for Rent.

RALPH J. HERKIMER, Manager
F. W. WAGENER & CO., Proprietors

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SEND FOR BOOKLET



Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

Mileage in a tire is like endurance in an athlete—it's having the right stuff to begin with, and then making the most of it. That's why Kelly-Springfields are never shown-up in the show-down.

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Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco,

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Bering Tire and Rubber Co., Houston, Texas

Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.

K. & S. Auto Tire Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

Plain or Cork Tip

Score One for the Bar

The story in a recent *Companion* of a Scottish lawyer's clever repartee to an English judge has reminded one of our readers of a similar encounter in which North Britain came out ahead.

As in the other case, the lawyer was Scotch and the judge was English. The case in argument concerned certain water rights, and the lawyer had frequently to use the word "water," which he pronounced very broad.

"Mr. So-and-So," at last interrupted the judge, "do you spell water with two t's in your country?"

"Na, na, my lord," quickly retorted the lawyer, "but we spell manners wi' twa n's!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York.

"JOHNNY," the teacher asked, "can you tell me anything about Christopher Columbus?"

"He discovered America."

"Yes. What else did he do?"

"I s'pose he went home and lectured about it."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

\$16.50—TWO WEEKS' FREE TRIAL



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Protect your furs and woollens against Moths, Mice and Insects. No dampness, no dust. This highly ornamental "BLUE RIDGE" Red Cedar Chest, 19 1/2 x 40 x 15 inches, in either polished or hand rubbed finish, \$16.50. Made of selected, well seasoned Southern Red Cedar. Will last a lifetime. Just the thing for wedding, birthday or other gifts. Order direct from factory. Rate guaranteed low or money refunded. Remit by Certified Check, P. O. or Express Money Order. We will allow you Two Weeks' Free Trial! If chest is not as represented, return at our expense. Special prices to those who wish to buy on monthly payments. Catalogue describing chests of all styles and prices sent free upon request. Send today.
BLUE RIDGE RED CEDAR CO., Dept. V, Reidsville, N. C.
And 1654-56 Long Beach Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

He Knew How He Got It

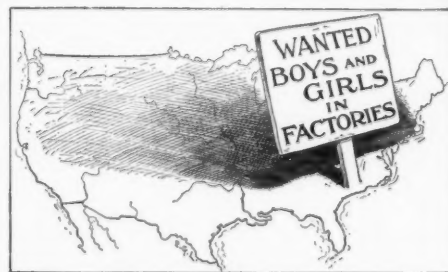
"That large bump running across the back of your head," said the phrenologist, "means that you are inclined to be curious, even to the point of recklessness."

"I know it," said the man who was consulting him; "I got that bump by sticking my head into the dumb-waiter shaft to see if the waiter was going up, and it was coming down."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL

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THE SHADOW

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Red Cedar Chest
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Lake George,
N. Y.
ates 150
Manager.

S



I knew Old Overholt Rye when I was a boy. Its place on the side-board was never vacant and never filled by any other whiskey.

When I close my eyes and sip good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years"

I see the scenes of those early days as though painted by a master hand. It is one of the few things I knew then that has not changed.

Pure and delicious now as in the days of Webster and Jackson.

Aged in the wood and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



FOR WOMEN



GEOGRAPHICAL

"THE UPPER AMAZON"

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear wholesome way in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co. 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Life's Musical Calendar

Tuesday, December 23, *Century Opera House*.—Bizet's "Carmen", a French interpretation of Spanish life, containing one of the most exaggerated and therefore one of the most popular characterizations of the eternal feminine on the operatic stage.

Wednesday, December 24, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—The operatic celebration of Christmas Eve, chiefly for the aristocracy of wealth. The work selected for this particular evening is of little importance, as the horse-shoe will be filled in any case.

Thursday, December 25, *Century Opera House* (Afternoon).—Holiday matinee, consisting of an "International Ballet" followed by Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel", one of the few operas of modern times suitable for the very young person.

Metropolitan Opera House (Evening).—Another message from the temple of the operatic gods, imparted to all those who have the price of admission. The cast will be picked from those members of the company who are willing to exercise moderation in the eating of their Christmas dinners.

Friday, December 26, *Metropolitan Opera House* (2.30 P. M.).—Special matinee performance, at reduced prices, of Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel", a work which will soon be known as "the traditional holiday opera".

(Evening).—A combination performance by the aristocracy of the operatic and social world, with the gallery-gods and the rail-birds as audience.

Carnegie Hall.—Annual Christmas performance of Händel's "Messiah" by the Oratorio Society, an occasion which still appeals to lovers of sacred music and to those conservative people who insist upon keeping in mind the real significance of Christmastide.

Saturday, December 27, *Metropolitan Opera House* (Afternoon).—Second holiday matinee of the Gatti-Casazza company.

(Evening).—Special performance, at popular prices, of Verdi's "Aida", a story of ancient Egypt, set to music which employs Egyptian themes in the conventional Italian manner: The most successful opera ever written on the theory that dramatic realism may be suggested by the general character of the music, without a sacrifice of melody or harmony, instead of being actually produced by the direct imitation of reality.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—First recital of Eugene Ysaie, the Belgian violinist, who has decided to re-enter a field which last season proved extraordinarily lucrative.

(Evening).—A repetition of Händel's "Messiah" by the Oratorio Society, the third performance of this masterpiece within two weeks.

Sunday, December 28, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—The customary Sabbath exploitation of individual stars of the operatic stage, by the Metropolitan Company. An easy and lucrative method of preserving the traditions of musical hero-worship without any great sacrifice of art.

Century Opera House.—A successful imitation of the "star system" by a company supposedly lacking in heroic individuals of the Metropolitan type.

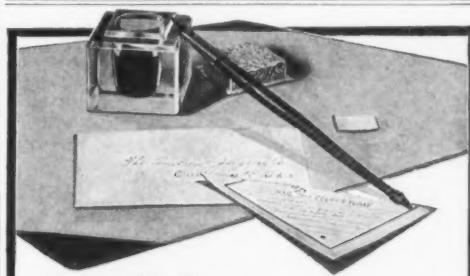
The defect is remedied by the consistent presentation of music which the audience already knows by heart and is therefore in no position to judge impartially.

Monday, December 29, *Lyceum Theatre* (Afternoon).—Songs and recitations by Kitty Cheatham: A unique style of entertainment, containing much that is amusing, particularly for the children, and with some claim to real value along musical and dramatic lines.

Impossible to Please

Polyclitus, the sculptor, made two statues of the same subject—one to please the multitude, the other according to the strict rules of art. In the former, he would make any alteration that was suggested by visitors as "an improvement". When both statues were exhibited together, the one was ridiculous, the other highly praised and admired by all.

"This gentleman," said he "which you find so much fault with, is your work. The other is mine."



Mail the coupon below today

for one week's treatment with this famous skin soap

If your skin is not the healthy, radiant skin you would like it to be, mail the coupon below today. By return mail we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, enough to last over a week—and tell you how it can aid you to correct or prevent the most common skin troubles.

Unless you have used this famous skin specialist's soap you do not know how beneficial a soap can be. For thirty years, John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin and its needs. He treated thousands of obstinate skin diseases, made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for the now famous Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Mail the coupon below today, and begin at once to get the benefits of Woodbury's Facial Soap for your skin. The first time you use it you will feel the difference—a promise of that finer texture and better color which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book—67 pages, cloth-bound—and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. K-12, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. K-12, Perth, Ontario.



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Original bottling has old gold label.

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Nashville, Tenn.



"Never miaued so much in my life, over

Copr. Life Pub. Co.

"The Best Stories in the World," collected, compiled, edited and introduced by Thomas L. Masson, of LIFE.

\$1 Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Christmas on the Road

'T'WAS the gray o' Christmas mornin' when we struck the open road,
Behind us in the wakin' town the lights o' Christmas glowed—
The little lights o' Christmas-tide, that stand upon the trees
And warm the hearts o' vagabonds across the Seven Seas!

*Across the wide, wide seas, Laddie, where you and I ha' gone,
And de'il a light is lit for us adown the Christmas dawn;
But all the road's a gift, Laddie, and all the world is ours,
And there'll be Christmas candles when we lift the winter stars!*

You're nothin' but a mongrel, with a mem'ry for a tail,
An' your 'ide is lemon-yaller, an' your pedigree is pale,
But to-day you'd be plumb precious—if you weren't so bloomin' sad!—
Cause it's Christmas, Laddie, Christmas—an' you're all I ever 'ad.

*It's Christmas on the road, Laddie, so kick your 'eels an' go—
The little lights o' Christendom are shinin' on the snow;
The lights are on the trees, Laddie—Lor' how the windows gleam!
An' all I've got's a yaller dog, to keep the Christmas dream.*

The rich they set their candles on their blinded window-sills,
But all the Light o' Christendom is streamin' from the 'ills—
An' you an' I shall trail it to the twilight—or beyond,
So Merry Christmas, Yaller Dog—you precious vagabond!

*The rich are none so gay, Laddie, they bear a weary load;
But yaller dogs and ragged men, they walk the open road.
So turn you to the dawn, Laddie, and kick your 'eels an' go—
The fairest Day o' Christendom is shinin' on the snow!*

F. Dana Burnet.



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Christmas in Paris

If you are an artist at heart, if you cherish your dreams, go to Paris for Christmas; they will be realized. For days before the great festivity you have seen on all sides feverish preparations for Noel, as we call it. All along the boulevards a continuous line of booths spring up like mushrooms on the sidewalks, offering for a few sous almost everything in existence. The normal routine of life is altogether upset. The traffic is trebled, and if you are about in the early morning you will see huge carts coming in from the surrounding country, laden with the mistletoe which France supplies in every part of Europe. If you enter one of the great stores in search of the common necessities of life, you will find it almost impossible to obtain them. The iron-mongery department will have been swept away to make place for a huge toy fair, and where you generally seek neckties you are confronted with a Christmas tree, one hundred and fifty feet high, stayed with iron girders and bearing on its branches every conceivable object, from a five-cent toy to a fur coat or a canoe.

To you, a foreigner in exile, all these busy preparations for the supreme festival of conviviality and domestic rejoicings have had the reverse effect that they have on the visibly rising spirits of the Parisians themselves. The very happiness of this particularly happy people seems to you selfish, and while you wander among the crowds you are obliged to recognize that, after all, they are but little different from those that are even now filling the streets of "little old New York" or, say, Chicago. And the very similarity makes you homesick.

—C. F. Bertelli, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

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—*Washington Star*.

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By Andrew Carnegie

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By Professor E. A. Ross

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The Torn Book, by B. Baker. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.)

The Hills of Hampshire, by Will H. Cressy and James Clarence Harvey. (Dana Estes & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

The Tumble Man, by Hy Mayer. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.)

How I Spent My Million, by J. Edgar Park. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston, Mass. 75 cents.)

Milton's Knowledge of Music, by Sigmund Gottfried Spaeth. (Princeton University Library.)

A Son of the Soil, by Leon Lester. (The Minleon Shop, Kinsley, Kans. 75 cents.)

In Music Land, by George P. Upton. (Browne & Howell Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.25.)

The Christmas Bishop, by Winifred Kirkland. (Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.00.)

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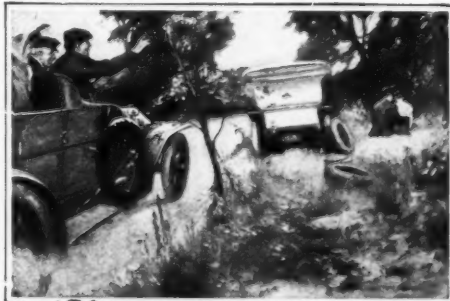
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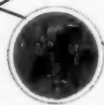
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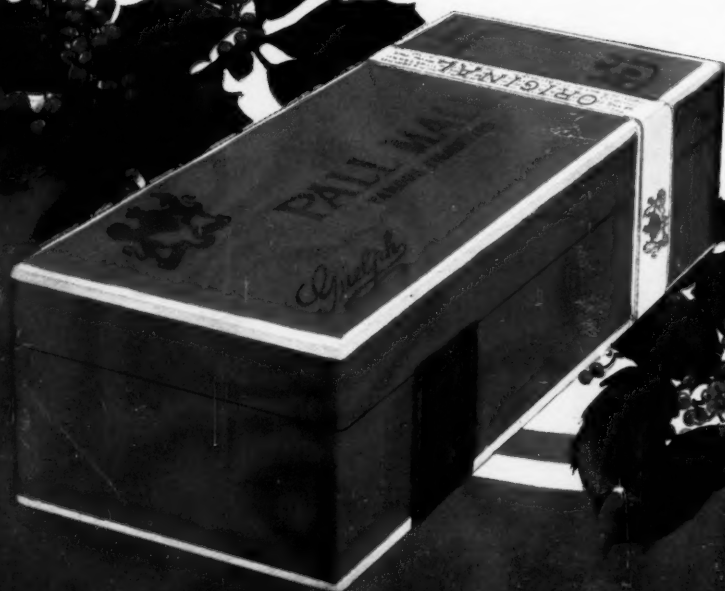
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